

an Eye-opening experience

by Ruth Joyce

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Summary: Rapunzel, Hiccup, Merida and Jack thought they kept secrets pretty well. Until, that is, they went to London and met Sherlock Holmes and his inseparable companion Dr. John Watson.

## 1. Chapter 1: London Eye

**\*\*AN:** Hello! This is my one-shot story where the Big Four meet Sherlock Holmes (played by the astounding Benedict Cumberbatch) and John Watson (played by the absolutely amazing Martin Freeman)! It's set in modern times, since I thought it would be really cool if they could ride the London Eye. This way they would be stuck with the great detective until they got off. Yes, I know I'm in the middle of Companions United, but I just had to write it! It's how my brain works, ok? I'll be posting the next chapter over there in a few minutes.\*\*

**\*\*Disclaimer:** Tangled and Brave belong to Walt Disney Studios. Rise of the Guardians and How to Train Your Dragon belong to DreamWorks Animation. Sherlock belongs to BBC. I own nothing except the story. Shout out to my friend Nightstar Phoenix for the inspiration! And now, on with the story! Enjoy!\*\*

**\*\*[Edit:]** Just some small grammar issues and facts I forgot to add.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>It was a clear summer day in London. Unusually sunny, the capital was even more crowded than normal; everyone was eager to enjoy the short-lasting sunshine. With low grey clouds lingering on the distant horizon and a nice breeze blowing in from the north, the rain was sure to return ere long.<p>

But this did not faze 18 year old Rapunzel, who was in a particularly good mood this morning as she skipped along, her shoulder length

golden hair streaming behind her. She had always longed to travel and see the world with her friends, and now she was here, in London!

"Come on, guys, hurry!" she called, turning to look at her friends, whom she had left behind. "We'll be late!"

"Rapunzel," Merida, her best friend and also 18, said. "The Eye never stops. If we don't get there at the appointed time what's the difference?"

"I don't care when we get there," Jack said, grinning. "I just want to see London from the air."

"And flying in from an airplane didn't count?" Henry, the youngest at age 17, asked jokingly.

"Of course it didn't!" said Jack. The 18 year old scowling disappointedly. "I couldn't see a thing through those clouds!"

"Well it's sunny today," Rapunzel said peaceably. "Let's go!"

Laughing, the four friends raced towards the incredibly long line. Luckily, they were having so much fun it did not seem to move very slowly.

"Hey, did you know the London Eye is the most popular tourist attraction in London?" Henry said, looking at a small pamphlet. "Not counting those you can see for free."

"I bet it's an amazing view!" Jack said, shifting from one foot to the other. He ran his hand fitfully through his brown hair.

"Are you nervous?" Rapunzel asked him.

"No, of course not!" Jack exclaimed. "I'm just restless."

"Calm down," Merida said, struggling to keep her baseball cap over her red curls on such a blustery day. "Look, we're here now, so there's no need."

Rapunzel skipped up the cement ramp onto the raised platform. Attendants were helping people get on and off the ever moving capsules.

"Right this way, please," one said to them with a friendly smile. "This next capsule will be yoursâ€|" her smile fell as she noticed two men still riding. "Um, sir? You have to get off."

"Mycroft Holmes," the tall man said, as if that would explain everything. "I already explained at the exit."

"Oh. Um, yes alright. Hop on quickly you four!" she continued.

Merida and Jack went first, Rapunzel closely following. Henry was more hesitant, but the tall man reached out a hand and helped him aboard.

"Thanks," he said, slightly out of breath.

"No problem," the man said, strolling back to his companion on the other side of the ride.

"Are you alright?" Jack asked him, concerned.

"I'm fine. That was just a bit more difficult than I expected."

Merida studied their fellow riders suspiciously. The man who had helped Henry was tall with a rather unruly mop of black curls. His keen, calculating black eyes stared piercingly down his hawk-like nose, examining them as well. His friend, a short man with blonde-gray hair, looked more friendly and open, but at the moment was looking awkwardly down at the floor.

"Did you have to do that?" he asked.

"Do what?" his companion asked innocently.

"Use Mycroft's name to stay on board. We don't have to ride it again."

"A mere whim, dear John. I'm rather enjoying myself today."

John laughed slightly. "That's unusual. Did you decide to take up Mycroft's offer?"

"Mycroft? Bah, who needs him. No, as a matter of fact, I didn't."

"Come on, Merida," Rapunzel said softly, turning her in the other direction.

"Abused as a child?" the tall man said.

Rapunzel stumbled suddenly, caught off guard. "Uh, excuse me?"

"Sherlock," the other man said pleadingly. "Please no."

Sherlock ignored his friend and walked closer to Rapunzel, looking her over. "You have a distrust of strangers in general. You flinch upon unexpected contact. The only logical explanation is that you were abused as a child. Or kidnapped, perhaps?"

"Umâ€¦"

"Her life is none of your business!" Merida said, stepping between them.

"I'm sorry," the other man said hurriedly, pulling Sherlock backwards. "I'm afraid we haven't been properly introduced, which is the proper thing to do. I'm John Watson, and this is myâ€¦companion Sherlock Holmes. Famous detective."

"Not Mycroft?" Jack asked.

"No, that's my brother," Sherlock said in a bored tone. "He's

practically the British government, but being tourists I expect you wouldn't know that."

"No," Henry said. "By the way, this is Jack, Rapunzel, the feisty red-head is Merida, and I'm Henry."

"No you're not."

"Sherlock!" exclaimed John.

"What? Of-of course I am! I know my own name," Henry stuttered.

"Yes, but it's certainly not Henry. Henry means 'ruler of the house,' which is not a role you're comfortable with, seeing that you always hang back and let Jack over there take the lead. In addition, you paused for a millisecond before saying it, so clearly you aren't used to using 'Henry' as an alias. You don't like your real name, most likely because it was embarrassing to you, so you changed it, at least while you traveled abroad for a few monthsâ€|"

"A few months? How on earthâ€|?" Rapunzel began.

"Oh this is going to be a long half hour," John groaned, sitting down wearily on the bench that ran through the middle of the capsule. "I'm going to apologize in advance."

"That's not the point," Sherlock explained patiently. "You chose something similar to your real name so that you could remember it easily. Something short, uncommon, embarrassing, or at least hard to say. Haig, Hieronymus, Hubert, no that's your brother," he said, looking at Merida.

"What?" Merida exclaimed, sitting down hard next to John.

"Well one of them anyway. What about Havelock? My parents almost named me Havelock but choose Sherlock instead. Not much better. Heathdene, Heammawhiio?"

"Those aren't even real names!" Jack protested.

"Of course they are. Am I getting closer?"

"Just tell him your name and get it over with," John said.

"No," both Henry and Sherlock said firmly.

"I want to figure it out myself. A-E-I-O-U," Sherlock stated, staring straight at his subject. "Ah, very interesting. Hiccup. I knew I'd get it eventually. Once you have the vowels and at least one consonant it's very easy."

Hiccup would have fallen to the ground, all the way to the ground, if Rapunzel and Merida hadn't caught him.

"Alright, that's enough!" Jack said, approaching Sherlock defensively. "I don't know how you know so much about us, but this stops now."

"Hmm. You're an interesting puzzle, aren't you?" Jack glared back at

him, but said nothing. "Can you fly?"

"Uh, duh! People can't fly," Jack said.

"But you're not a person, are you, Jack Frost?"

John Watson looked up sharply. "Since when did you start believing in fairy tales, Sherlock?"

"Since he's standing right in front of me," Sherlock said carelessly.

"How on earth did you know?" Jack asked, genuinely interested.

"You dyed your hair brown, but obviously it's white naturally, or unnaturally as the case may be. You're not comfortable in shoes or walking on the ground in general, which means that usually you take another means of transportation. You seem slightly uncomfortable in warm weather, enjoying the wind and cool sky. Finally, you keep feeling around the air like you're missing something. Everyone knows Jack Frost carries around a magical staff that makes snow and ice and let's him fly."

"Incredible," Hiccup breathed, amazed in spite of himself.

"How did you know about Hubert?" Merida asked, her voice deep with emotion.

Sherlock turned and looked at her thoughtfully. "I'm sorry, I only knew that was his name. Your eyes dilated when I said it. I didn't know he died recently."

"This is impossible," Rapunzel said, shaking her head in disbelief.

"Nope," John said, gazing out over London.

"When you have eliminated the impossible," Sherlock said, "whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth. Car accident?"

"Yes," Merida whispered.

"Again I'm terribly sorry. It's no wonder you needed a change of scenery this summer. Do you plan on returning to Scotland again before you leave?"

"Alright, that one's not so obvious," Jack said. "How on earth did you know about Scotland?"

"You've been traveling Europe for the past several weeks, andâ€¦"

"Whoa, slow down!" Hiccup said. "How do you know about that?"

Sherlock sighed and turned to Watson. "Must I explain everything in tiny detail?" John nodded. "Very well then. It must be so boring in your tiny little minds," he added before continuing. "You are all plainly Americans, but you seem familiar with European ways. I could

see you coming from a good distance off," he said, answering Rapunzel's questioning look. "I also know you had poached egg for breakfast, I can see some on your vest, Hiccup, and being a distinctly European food it takes some time for Americans to get accustomed to. Therefore you've been in Europe for a few weeks already.

"Now for Scotland. Take notes John. Merida obtains a slight accent, indicating that even though she is fully American, her ancestors or even more recent relatives came from Scotland. Given that you've been in traveling for quite sometime now, you have already been to Scotland and or Ireland, but Merida adores her homeland and of course she wants to return.

"Now I know you're going to ask how on earth I picked up on the fact that she loves Scotland. One, who doesn't love Scotland? Two, it's her homeland. Everyone feels a connection with their homeland. It's called "National Pride." Three, almost everything she's wearing has a bit of green. That T-shirt, blue green. Sneakers? Green Nike arrows. Your baseball cap is green, and your earrings are little green lions, the shape of Scotland's royal lion rampant. Most likely, you wish they could be red like the actual lion, but of course it would blend in to much. Fourth, you are wearing earrings in the first place, when plainly you've only recently pierced your ears, I'd say in the last day or so. Fifth and lastly, you keep looking out that window, which as you know is north, and north is where Scotland is."

"Thus they've already been to Scotland and want to go back," John concluded, nodding. "Obviously."

"Obviously," Sherlock agreed. In the distance, a small helicopter took off from a building roof and began making it's way toward them. He glanced down at his watch. "Right on time."

"On time for what?" Rapunzel asked, still dazed at the man's deductions.

"Sherlock?" John asked nervously. "What on earth is going on?"

"I was bored," Sherlock said. "You suggested riding the London Eye, but I wanted something with a little more thrill to it. Hang on," he said to the other passengers as he threw open the Emergency Exit doors.

Rapunzel screamed and backed up against the far wall, the others following her example without hesitation. By this time they were at the very top of the Eye, the highest point in the great observation wheel.

"Sherlock!" John screamed. "I have a life you know!"

"Of course you have a wife," Sherlock yelled over the rushing wind, catching the rope ladder thrown down to him from the chopper. "I was at your wedding! You first, John! I know you want to."

Reluctantly, John began climbing the ladder, clinging on for dear life.

"This is insane, Sherlock! If I die, make sure to tell Mary it was \_your\_ idea!"

Sherlock laughed. "Glorious!" Looking back at the terrified and horrified group, he called over the wind. "For the record, here are some other things I learned: Hiccup has a private obsession with dragons, Rapunzel is dreadfully homesick when she isn't otherwise occupied, Jack wishes he could do something more useful than make snow, just every once in awhile, and Merida secretly has a huge crush on Jack! But then again, so does just about every girl who looks at you, except Rapunzel. By the way, Punzie, you shouldn't trust your boyfriend too much. Being a thief you never know when he'll turn against you."

Hiccup, Merida, Jack and Rapunzel stared at him in shocked bewilderment. Sherlock ignored them now, looking up at John, still struggling to make it to the copter.

"I say, John, could you hurry it up a bit? I've got a date tonight."

"With Molly?" John asked hopefully.

"No, of course not. With destiny! And hopefully a crook or two. Why would I go out with Molly Hooper?"

"She likes you!" John yelled, climbing into the helicopter.

"Elementary!" Sherlock said, beginning his ascent. "Have a nice ride down, and sorry if I bored you," he said, kicking the Emergency Doors shut, leaving the four friends shocked speechless. The helicopter flew away over London, the great detective gripping the ladder and looking like he was having the time of his life, despite the fact that everyone in the great city was staring.

Slowly, Jack got up and made his way towards the doors and pulled on them again, just to make sure they wouldn't reopen. Behind him, Rapunzel and Hiccup stumbled to the bench and sat down, breathing hard. Merida didn't even try to make it there. Absolutely mortified, she slid to the floor and lay there, one arm draped dramatically over her face.

"Wellâ€¦uhâ€¦" Rapunzel stammered. "That wasâ€¦"

"Confounding?" Hiccup offered. "Eyeopening?"

"Yeah. A real eyeopener."

## 2. Chapter 2: Crime at the Tower

Rapunzel rocked on her heels as they stood in the hall of the Tower of London. She, Merida, Hiccup and Jack were still shaken from their brief meeting with Britain's most famous detective, but they tried to continue their tour. They had taken the double decker bus circuit, hopping off at the Tower an hour earlier.

After looking around the rest of the castle, they had finally decided that the queue to see the Crown Jewels wasn't going to get any shorter and hopped in line. Luckily it didn't take very long to actually get inside the place, where videos of old coronations played

on the wall.

Most people chatted cheerfully, but the four friends stood in awkward silence. Of course, they all knew about Rapunzel's mother, and how "Henry" was a false name for Hiccup. Merida, Hiccup and Rapunzel had known Jack Frost since they were children, and Hubert's death was the main reason for the trip. So there were no secrets exposed among themâ€|except that Merida had a crush on Jack. The two of them had hardly looked at each other since they stumbled off the London Eye.

Somewhat distractedly, they moved through the exhibits, Hiccup as usual calling out interesting facts from a pamphlet. Eventually they lightened up, fascinated by the jewels. Merida especially loved the "stable" room, where the king's horses all stood in a beautiful plastic line. Her fingers twitched, and Rapunzel knew she couldn't wait to get back to her Clydesdale, Angus, back in the states. It took some doing to get her out of there.

"What would you do if you were royal?" Jack asked, trying to break the ice. "Or at least had a lot of money."

"Start a real Save the Dragons society."

"By an art studio! What about you, Merida?"

"I'd buy a horse farm in Scotland." She quickly changed the subject. "Where's Victoria's tiara? That's what I want to see."

"I thought you weren't interested in girly stuff," Jack said teasingly.

"Just because I don't wear it doesn't mean I don't like to look at it!" Merida snapped without looking at him.

Jack stepped back and looked at the others, looking for a little sympathy. But Rapunzel was staring at the glass case, so close she was nearly fogging it up. A label, sitting lightly on the pillow, read "Victoria's Tiara."

"You guys," she said slowly. "The crown is missing."

"Hands in the air!" At the moment, a group of British policemen charged into the room, pointing guns at the four of them. "You are under arrest for attempting to steal the Crown Jewels!"

Jack, Hiccup, Merida and Rapunzel slowly raised their hands in the air.

\* \* \*

><p>Sargent Donovan motioned Hiccup to her desk. "Name?"<p>

"Uh, Henry Haddock, ma'am," Hiccup said nervously.

"You're lying," she said.

"No, it's true!" Jack laughed. "Shut it, Frost!"

Donovan raised an eyebrow and addressed Jack. "I put down your name



as Jackson Overland. Why did he call you Frost?"

"It's his nickname," Rapunzel said sweetly. "Just like Henry's nickname is Hiccup."

"Rapunzel!" Hiccup said.

"What? It's what we call you most of the time."

Donavan started writing it down on paper. "Oh, no. I'd really rather not have that recorded. Please don't!"

"Age?" she continued.

"I can fill out the forms by myself..."

"Age?"

"18."

"Where are you from?"

"Berk, Pennsylvania. The United States of America, earth. The Milky Way galaxy," he finished sarcastically.

"And where are you staying while you're in London?"

"Same bed and breakfast as the others," Hiccup said. "Same room as Jack."

"Anything to declare?"

"I didn't do anything."

"Yeah, right. You'll be taken away to your cells now," Donavan announced.

"Wait half a second!" Merida exclaimed, standing up and marching over.

"Merida, you're not helping," Rapunzel hissed.

"I don't know how it works over here, but in America we get a phone call!"

Donavan sighed. "Fine. One call for the lot of you. But you're not using mine. Lestrade." She stuck her head out the door and waved at another officer. "I need to borrow your phone."

"Not if it's long distance," Lestrade grumbled. "Who are you kids gonna call. It's midnight back in the states."

"We're not calling anyone in the states," Rapunzel announced. The others looked at her in surprise. "We want to call Sherlock Holmes."

"Rapunzel," Hiccup said a little uncertainly. "He wasn't exactly friendly to us."

"He never is," Lestrade said, dialing the number.

"My dad could get us out easy," Merida said. "Hiccup's father too."

"Think about how fast he found out our secrets," Rapunzel said, taking the phone from Detective Inspector Lestrade. Merida's face burned and she determinedly did not look at Jack, who was sitting sullenly in the corner. "If anyone can prove our innocence, he can."

"Hello, Greg!" a distinctly friendly voice answered.

"Er, is this Mr. Watson?" Rapunzel asked tentatively.

"Yes, who is this?" John Watson's voice instantly turned guarded and suspicious.

"Rapunzel. We met on the London Eye earlier this morning. We were at the Tower of London when we got arrested on suspicion of attempting to steal the Crown Jewels. We were wondering if Sherlock could help prove our innocence."

"Hand the phone back to Lestrade," Sherlock's voice came across the line.

Rapunzel did as she was told and waited while Lestrade listened. Finally, he hung up and addressed the group.

"Well, he said he'll take the case and we're to meet him at the crime scene."

Rapunzel smiled with was moving swiftly around the room when they entered, his piercing eyes darting about quickly, like a hawk. John stood to the side, watching his friend's movements, and a ladder leaned against the wall beside him. Other than that, the room was exactly the way they had left it.

Sherlock didn't even greet them, he cut right to the chase.

"Tell me what happened, from when you entered the building to the moment you were arrested."

So they told him, taking turns and jumping in when another missed something. At times, he hardly seemed to be listening. Sherlock examined the glass case closely, then suddenly dropped to the floor. Next he jumped up and stared at the ceiling; dragging the ladder over, he managed to loosen a tile and stick his head into the ceiling. At the end of the four's tale, he descended from the ceiling and turned to Lestrade.

"There are footprints on a cross beam in the dead space. Have your forensics team look at them."

"What? Is that all?"

"Certainly not. The thief entered from the ceiling, after cutting the power cords to the security cameras and power. After dropping down from the roof and retrieving the tiara, he or she walked calmly from the room and exited discreetly. The thief was also a small, light-footed person but with disproportionally large feet."

He glanced swiftly at John, who raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"What are you looking at me for! I was helping you with experiments!"

Sherlock looked confused. "No, I wasn't accusing you. I was asking for your opinion."

"Oh. I don't really know, I didn't see the footprints."

Sherlock shrugged him off, instead turning to Merida, Hiccup, Rapunzel, and Jack. "Take off your shoes and stand against the wall."

Once they were all lined up awkwardly (especially Merida and Jack, who somehow had ended up next to each other), Sherlock whipped out a pencil from his coat pocket and marked their heights on the wall.

"That's defacing a public museum!" Greg Lestrade exclaimed, appalled.

"Obviously, that's why I'm doing it in pencil," Sherlock said. "You can erase these later."

"Oh, Kate Stewart is going to kill me," Greg moaned, face palming.

Sherlock ignored him. "Get someone to measure these marks and match them up with the footprints."

"Right away, boss." Anderson appeared in the corner and waved sarcastically.

"Oh no, not you. Does Anderson make up your entire forensics team?"

"Not quite," Lestrade said uncomfortably. "Get to it, Anderson."

Anderson made a face and climbed the ladder.

"You, Hiccup. Slowly walk around the room as naturally as you can," Sherlock ordered.

All four of the friends went through the process under the hawk-like stare of the detective. When they had finished, he continued to stare at them, breaking only when Anderson handed him the notes he had made. Sherlock briefly looked them over.

"Sit down, Merida," he said. "You're much too tall, and the way you walk would have broken the wood. Hmm...not Hiccup either. You're too clumsy to walk on that narrow beam, plus your feet are disproportionately small."

Hiccup sat down next to Merida with relief. Sherlock looked at Jack curiously, then took his arm and examined his hands carefully. He spoke to him in a low voice so only he and Rapunzel could

hear.

"Jack, you're close to the right height and shoe size, not to mention you walk the same way as the thief, but why walk if you could have flown? It would make much more sense, but your hands are too smooth. You haven't flown in weeks."

"You're good," Jack whispered. "Does Merida really have a crush on me?"

"Why would I lie?" He straightened and turned to Lestrade. "Jack is too tall. He could not possibly have committed the crime."

"And what about her?" Greg asked, pointing at Rapunzel, the last one standing.

Sherlock studied Rapunzel for a long time. The facts did not look good. She was the same height and shoe size, and light enough not to break the beam. Not to mention she did have an abusive mother, at least in the past, that could have forced her to do something against her nature. That was one thing Sherlock was certain of: Rapunzel was not a criminal.

"Have you seen your mother lately?" he asked abruptly.

"Haven't seen Gothel in years!" Rapunzel replied cheerfully.

"Very good. Everyone here is innocent, Detective Inspector." Just then, Sherlock's phone rang. "Hello?"

"Oh great. It's you." Donovan was on the other end. "We searched their hotel room but couldn't find the jewels or those shoes belonging to the footprints Anderson found."

Sherlock sighed and closed his eyes. "Donovan you are disgracing the British police system! I mean, really! How was there time for them to stash the objects back at their hotel room, then return here? And why would they return here in the first place? Their guilt has been cleared. Clean their apartment, good day." He hung up.

"You four can put your shoes back on and leave," Lestrade told the four. "Sorry for the inconvenience, we'll pay you as compensation. Alright, Sherlock, but who did steal the crown?"

"I don't know," Sherlock said. "Have a little patience, Graham, I only got here five minutes ago."

"Greg," Lestrade muttered.

"He's never going to learn," Jack heard John whisper. "You do know that, don't you?"

"Mr. Holmes?" A beefeater entered, carrying a laptop. "Here's the security footage from the gift shop you requested."

Sherlock skimmed through the footage of the past hour, and it only took a moment before he found the thief. Merida was still tying her shoelaces.

"Gotcha! Lady Christina de Susa. Dressed completely in black weather

on a warm summer day, proper height and probably shoe size as well. She has a history of dropping down from ceilings and stealing priceless museum artifacts. Now the only thing you need to do is check the front gate security footage and see if she didn't come in that way."

"Oh, we've got her now!" Lestrade said enthusiastically. "She can't get away unless she has a flying bus!"

"Well, it's obvious you no longer need me. John, we need to get going. I believe I may have left the stove on."

"What!" John started. "Please tell me it was the tea kettle's eye, not the nervous system?"

"Uh...it wasn't exactly water in the tea kettle," Sherlock said slowly.

John whipped out his phone and dialed a number as he ran out the door, followed by Sherlock, whose coat caught the wind and flailed out majestically behind him.

"Mrs. Hudson! Get out of the house! Hurry!"

Merida, Jack, Hiccup and Rapunzel found themselves standing outside the Tower of London a few minutes later, gazing at Tower Bridge in a bit of a shock. Lestrade had given each of them a sizable check, along with many apologies, then escorted them safely out of the Tower. There had been a curious, disgruntled mob outside, angry that a crown had been stolen, and they were glad they hadn't been forced to navigate through on their own. Still, their time had been cut short.

"Well, we do have some extra money," Jack ventured at last. "Anyone up for tea and biscuits? Mer?"

Merida grinned and looked over at him for the first time that day. "Sounds lovely."

End  
file.